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THE COLUMBIAN CALL

Robinson 1898

Vol. III.

Washington, D. C., December 15, 1897.

No. 3.



OFFICERS OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

W. M. Ellison. H. S. Lewis. A. W. Patterson. W. H. Grandy.
J. W. Butts. R. H. Riddleburger. B. C. Perkins. C. C. Milburn.

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The Columbian Call

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 15, 1897.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF THE LAW SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY.

One of the most delightful and helpful departments connected with the Law School is the debating society. Here the students are given the opportunity to cultivate the science of advocacy, and public speaking. In past years the Debating Society has been a success from every point of view, and it points with pride to some of its public men, who, when students, made their maiden efforts in its hall. So far this year it has maintained its former proud position. The CALL takes great pleasure in presenting a cut of the officers of the society and a short sketch of their lives.

Ralph H. Riddleburger, LL. B., President of the Debating Society, was born in Woodstock, Virginia, December 13, 1877. Attended public schools in native State, and entered Columbian with the class of 1897. Expects to return to Virginia to practice his profession.

Bishop Chaplin Perkins, Vice-President of the Law School Debating Society, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Junior Class, is the son of the late Senator Bishop W. Perkins, of Kansas. He was born in Oswego, Labette County, Kansas, in April, 1878. At the age of five he came to Washington with his father and attended the public school, entering the High School in the class of ninety. From there he went to the Columbian Preparatory School, and the following year entered Princeton University, where he remained for several years. While there he played on his freshman and class base ball team. Leaving Princeton he entered the Columbian Law Class of '99. Mr. Perkins is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. He expects to associate himself with a banking corporation on commercial trusts on the completion of his law course.

Joseph Waddell Butts was born in New York city, March 15, 1878. He graduated from the Central High School of Washington in 1895, and then took a special course in the Corcoran Scientific School for two years. He was private secretary to Ex-Congressman Francis H. Wilson, of New York, a personal friend of President McKinley. Mr. Butts is Treasurer of the class of '99, Secretary of the

Law School Debating Society, a member of Marshall Chapter, Phi Delta Phi, and of the famous "Hot Tomale Club."

W. M. Ellison was born in the Old Dominion, October 3, 1859, was educated in the public and private schools of his native town. He spent his earlier days on his father's farm, entered the mercantile business December 9, 1887, doing a large and profitable business until March 15, 1897, when he sold out the grocery and feed departments of his business, in order to give more time to the study of law. Twice clerk of the Town of Falls Church, Virginia, three times elected member of the Town Council; has been superintendent of the Sunday School of the M. E. Church, South for eight years, was Postmaster for nine years. Is now engaged in the coal and fertilizing business and pursuing the study of law, being a member of the Senior Class.

Howard S. Lewis, Chairman of the Executive Committee, was born near Glenwood, Schuyler County, Missouri, November 16, 1879. He received his education in the public schools of Hutchinson, Kansas, graduating from the High School of the latter place.

He read law in the office of Hon. S. W. Leslie two and one-half years and was admitted to the Bar in 1897. He entered the class of '98, and, upon completing his course, expects to locate in Kansas City and practice his profession.

Alvah W. Patterson, is a member of the Executive Committee of the Law School Debating Society and Vice-President of the Junior Law Class. Although of Virginia parentage, Mr. Patterson, was born in Indiana, January 18, 1870, but for the last six years has resided in Oregon, where he was a member of the Patterson Publishing Company of that State. He is familiarly known throughout the State as one of its active young men. His voice has been heard in a number of its State conventions and other political gatherings, and, although young in Columbian College, he is already accredited with force as a public speaker, and will represent his class in the second public debate of this year. Mr. Patterson is a member of the order of Knights of Pythias, and was Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge of Oregon last year. He is also a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of

Elks, and was a representative from his State to its national gathering at Minneapolis last July. Mr. Patterson has been for several years an active member of the Oregon Press Association, and was President of this organization for the past year.

Wiley Harrison Grandy was born on the first day of January, 1878, in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, being a son of Hon. Cyrus Wiley Grandy, a prominent attorney of that city, who served his State as a Representative in the upper house of the Legislature. His mother was a Miss Glover, a descendant of the Charles family, one of the most distinguished of Scotland and North Carolina. Mr. Grandy began his education at the Atlantic Collegiate Institute, in the city in which he was born; received the first prize in oratory. Later he attended Charlotte Hall, in Southern Maryland, receiving a diploma. Afterward he came to Washington, and has been for two years a student of law at the Columbian University. Last year he was chosen Secretary of the Debating Society, and this year is one of the officers of the Executive Committee, and also one of the executive officers of the Senior Class.

Mr. E. F. Thigpen, whose visage does not embellish the foregoing cut, hails from the Pelican State. He celebrates his birthday synchronously with the anniversary of the great meteovic shower of the secenties. The only landmark in his life, so far, is his election as a member of the Executive Committee. For a further history of his life consult biographers of the 21st century.

Charles C. Milburn was born in Washington, D. C., July 13, 1869. After attending the local schools was sent to Shortridge's Media Academy, outside of Philadelphia, to prepare for college. He entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with the class '92, and after a two year course in engineering went to the State of Washington, where he spent six years, being with the surveying party who located the route of the Great Northern railroad, and afterwards the road built for the Monte Cristo Mining Company. While out there he homesteaded a fine ranch in the Sauk Valley. He returned to Washington, D. C., last spring on the death of his father John A. Milburn.

Professor Ramsey has just issued from the press of Henry Holt & Co., an Elementary Spanish Reader, for the use of his classes. It is a most attractive little book, tastily illustrated with original pen drawings by Miss Anna Lee, of the Washington Art Students' League.

DR. FRANK A. WOLFF.

A Short Sketch of the Talented Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering in the Corcoran Scientific School.

Dr. Frank A. Wolff was born in Baltimore, in 1871, entering at an early age the public schools of that city. His parents gave him every opportunity for further education, and for four years he attended the Baltimore City College, going to John Hopkins University in 1888. His early training was broad though his talents inclined him to scientific work, in which he had much success, winning a scholarship at the end of his first years' university work. He completed a double three year course in chemistry and physics under Dr. Remsen and Roland, in two years, winning a fellowship in the University.

His thesis upon graduation was "The effect of Magnetism upon Chemical Action."

During the summers of 1890 and '91, he assisted in the accurate "gravity work" carried on by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. His degree of Ph. D. from the John Hopkins admitted him without examination to the University of Leipsic, Germany, where he pursued a course of post-graduate work under Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald and Prof. Ehrt, both authorities in the Scientific world.

His special study while in Europe was Physical Chemistry. Not many months after his return he was recommended for the position of Assistant Physicist in the United States Department of Agriculture. In turn he held the position of Examiner for scientific positions in the Civil Service Commission, finally winning, by competitive examination, a position in the Coast and Geodetic Survey as Verifier of Weights and Measures, which he now holds.

In 1895 he accepted the Chair of Physics and Electrical Engineering in the Corcoran Scientific School. His enlarged classes each year since his connection with Columbian has caused him to call in Mr. Thos. H. Means and F. F. Reisner, B. S., as laboratory assistants. In January, 1897, he married Miss Lilian M. Jones, who takes a deep interest in his work.

There are few men engaged in scientific work who have the talent and education of Dr. Wolff, and while his modest and retiring disposition will impede some what his progress. There is no doubt that his future is full of promise.

J. P. ALEXANDER.

THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA RIVER FROM A TROLLEY CAR.

To attempt a description of something well-known and well described, when that something is water both mad and peaceful, seems a useless and foolish thing for a novice. Perhaps more persons have seen Niagara Falls than any other American wonder. Poets have sung of its charms, writers have delineated its wonders, and artists have painted its beauties.

Of the Falls themselves, I shall write but little. You know how the Niagara River, an outlet of Lake Erie, flows peacefully in a north-westerly direction for a few miles, and then increasing its pace, rushes madly over pebbles and stones, separates at Goat Island and plunges headlong over a natural parapet of rock and falls some 160 feet upon the rocks beneath, throwing its silvery spray to the heavens. Unstunned and as if crazed by the terrible leap, it quickly picks itself up and dashes forward between its lofty sides, overturning boulders and carrying them along in its mad flight. Thus we view the Rapids as our car descends from high cliffs on the American side, down to the waters edge.

The electric line reaches the river a little below the Falls and runs beside it almost to Lewiston. At some points the track is not more than ten or fifteen feet from the water and but a few feet above it. The cars are those ordinarily in use on electric lines. The overhead trolley is the system, and the electric power is generated by utilizing the power of the water to run the dynamos.

Viewed from the car, the scene is constantly changing. To the land side of the track, there is an almost continuous wall of rock, nearly 100 feet high. Opposite, on the Canadian side, there is the same aelivity but with more verdure. The water has literally worn out this trough to flow in. There is a decline clear to Lewiston, and the track following the river, makes many bends and curves. We pass under the Cantilever bridge and two railroad bridges on this ride, and just before reaching Lewiston, there is seen the wreckage of an old bridge still suspended in mid-air. It was built in the 60's, and was only used a few years when it was demolished by a great storm.

This is the electric line, and this its road bed. They are easy of description, but who can tell truly the pictures Niagara's waters present from the Falls to Ontario.

The ride was less than an hour in length. It was early in the afternoon; the sky was clear and the sun cast its golden beams around

us and over the water, changing the foam into silver and the spray into pearls.

As we descended almost to the level of the river, we gazed with eestatic eyes upon the churned waters, a mass of silvery foam, and cries of wonder and delight sprang from our lips. Nature at rest is beautiful, but nature in action, powerful action, exciting every fibre of our being is sublime.

For several miles the water, moving with the terrific momentum gained from the Falls, speeds downward over its rocky course. The power and speed of this water is tremendous. There is no ceasing. The waves make immense troughs and rise sometimes 6 feet high. Huge boulders attempt to obstruct the way and the water dashing against them, is broken into a million particles shining like pearls in the sunlight.

These Rapids must be seen to be fully appreciated. You fix your eyes on a passing wave, but with the speed of the lightning express, it has disappeared from view. Nothing obstructs it. We are reminded of the stalwart center rush in a foot ball game who can not be downed by his puny opponents and literally walking over them, makes a touchdown. You try to pick out one specially large, dashing, silver crested wave, and immediately 100 claim your attention. You try to secure a distinct impression of a certain portion of your ride but each part of the Rapids seems more wonderful than the preeeding. There is one confused idea of struggling waves, dashing to the right, to the left, and rearing up towards the sky, but all the time moving forward. It is as though a powerful monster (water), was fiercely struggling in the throes of another monster (rocks), and whose only safety lay in escape; and when having passed the whirlpool rapids, you see this same water decrease its struggles and speed, and at last, flow calmly and peacefully into the bay, you feel relieved at the termination of the conflict.

Besides this manifestation of power and speed, a sight, almost miraeulous, is apparent about midway the trip; the water on the Canadian side suddenly turns and flows back towards the Falls. This is the famous whirlpool. We watch some boards carried down by the Rapids; they are caught in the up tide and return probably a half bloek when they are again carried down stream. Up and down they go with increasing speed, around the center of the whirlpool, ever drawn nearer the center of this revolving mass of water, until seemingly venturing too near, this gastropod opens his capaeious jaws a little wider, and

The Columbian Call.

A COLLEGE PAPER PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Issued Semi-Monthly from Nov. 16th to June 2,
inclusive.

*Entered at the Post Office, Washington, D. C., as second-class
matter.*

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TERMS—One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions are payable to any member of the staff, or to Mr. Chas. W. Holmes, University Registrar, who will also supply extra copies of THE CALL.

All literary matter intended for publication should be addressed to THE COLUMBIAN CALL, Washington, D. C.
Advertising rates made known on application.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1897.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS! A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

How sweet are the sounds ringing in our ears. Pausing, we catch the Message, the Glad Tidings of Great Joy, and are stimulated to new resolutions and greater efforts. Again, How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When Christmas and birthday recall them to view!

The sleighrides, the parties, the hunt in the wildwood,

And girls without fellows entirely too few!

The old apple tree and the "deestric" school nigh it,

The teacher, the scholars, the switch as it fell, The house of my auntie, and friends who lived nigh it,

And e'en the old gobblor that we'd never sell; The old turkey gobblor, the dear turkey gobblor,

The cider, pies, apples, and Santa as well.

This is the season when, verily, we "see visions and dream dreams." Visions of the past, opportunities neglected, time wasted, and wrongs and errors committed. Ah! if we could but live this one year over again. We have triumphed over many difficulties, have won many victories, but—We turn the page with a sigh and behold the glories of the future. The masterpiece of a Jean Millet was ne'er so beautiful. Surely we enter the garden of the gods. All nature is in perfect harmony, the atmosphere rich with the aroma of success, fame and fortune. We dream, and dream, and dream again.

THE CALL deems it its duty to invite the attention of its readers to the convention which assembles to-day, the object of which is to take steps to carry out the wishes of the Father of his Country as expressed in his last will and testament. The erection of a National University at the seat of the Government is a movement in which every loyal and patriotic citizen of these United States should enlist. We love the name of George Washington and reverence his memory, and in establishing an institution of this kind we, as a people and nation, will not only carry out the wishes of our father, but will advance the general interests of the whole country, in that association, acquaintance and friendship of students will tend to obliterate sectional strife, local attachments and State prejudices. As Columbian University students and as men and women who are interested in the affairs of our Nation, it would seem that as such we should be represented by a delegate at the convention. Then we should be identified as subscribers and contributors to the George Washington Memorial Association Fund.

The next issue of THE CALL will appear on Tuesday, January 4. Contributors are requested to aid the editors in their work by sending in their manuscript as soon as possible. Do not wait until the eleventh hour or January 3d before you wake up to the fact that you have something for publication.

The Orange and Blue should be worn by every student of the University.

A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT.

Not far from St. Louis, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, lies a long pan of a prairie; say ten thousand acres, so level that when the county ditch was put across, there was considerable doubt as to which way the water would run, and the slough, a shallow pond to the north, half a mile wide, continued, in spite of the effort at drainage, to be a tangle of swamp willows and lillies, rosin weed, rattle-snake's master, yorkee nuts, water grasses, flags and dodder. Sometimes a splendid scarlet blossom flamed like a torch on the side toward the grove.

This was a lonely group of large trees, miles away from any other; and the children of the prairie used to say that the river timber, over to the left, on the west, and the hill timber, far above on the east, had sent out volunteer forces once upon a time, to join in going north but something happened and they remained sentinels forever.

This is the thing that happened: An emigrant wagon waiting in the grove with a sick child who grew no better, finally went on—when the silver cord was loosed and the clay returned to its kindred dust. Then a tiny cedar, the only one in that whole country appeared at the head of the little mound, and the trees of the grove still keep the cedar company.

The prairie children were rather shy of the grove and always rode around, not through it, even in the day time; the trees were so tall, dark, and gloomy. It was said too, that there were quick-sands about the slough, and in the fourth reader was a dreadful lesson of one who was caught in that kind of sand. Just the word brought up an awful vision of struggling arms that called in vain for help. And long ago when the hill wolves called to those of the river and together they patroled the prairie; against the advice of his friends, a man started home alone, at night across the prairie. And where was his bent gun barrel found? Between the slough and the grove near where the scarlet blossoms burned.

But there are none of these things about the prairie now. It is a great ocean of distance, where boundaries fall away and the horizon recedes as one advances. How near are the starry hosts at night. How the great Lord of Day speaks in his first beam to every one! In summer there are flowers and berries; strange grasses and nests, an unexplored country of treasures. In winter, and at night it isn't best to go upon the prairie; there are no roads, and no hills, along which to feel the way; the summer sign-guides are all asleep.

The children were fond of the orchard and the cherry trees down by the house. The latter looked in on the "Panhandle." Now, the "Panhandle" might be called a resultant, it came about this way. Originally the house had been two immense log rooms, one above the other, with the usual stairway in one corner. When an addition was built around that corner, a door was cut into the stairway from the other side, but the old door was not closed up and this made a clever connection between the old and the new, a sort of a secret passage such as old castles had. But it wasn't named till Cousin Mott came. He had been a sailor and had brought some coral from Acpuleo. As there are no rocks or even pebbles on the prairie, this coral was a stepping stone to another world.

Cousin Mott came via the "Panhandle," according to the railway folders his pockets yielded. He said that the "Panhandle" is an elbow in West Virginia. Why, we had one! A short cut to mother's room. Up three steps to a little landing and down two. The doors didn't drag either, but shut with a delightful business like railroad snap, that said, "All aboard for anywhere" when we went through.

The earth of the prairie is black, and deep, and rich; ten miles away to the east the clay hills begin; in among them winds Cahoe creek, joined off to the southeast by the county ditch which has crossed the prairie diagonally. North of the grove and the slough are great sand ridges, covered with tough little scrub oaks. Uncle Will lived there; west and south is the river country. That isn't prairie but God uses it in making landscapes.

The children despised the county ditch, it didn't drain anything, not even the east wheat field, near which it dragged itself, and it stood so wide and full into June, right in the way of gathering wild strawberries.

A thing that wouldn't do what it was designed to do was a failure, in other words it wouldn't work. Failures were to be avoided or put on the wood pile. There were a good many failures on the wood pile because we were all trying to make things work, from father down. He made a contrivance to induce the colts to trot in single harness on their way to years of discretion. It was a great success, it worked and so did the colts; who were finally graduated into the real business of life after this matriculation.

It was a long time before the public school system of education touched the prairie, even lightly but there was plenty of instruction. Mother attended to that. Up at the Ridge settlement they had a school four months in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

University Notes.

COLLEGE.

The editor of the college notes wishes to make himself fully understood, respecting the remarks referring to the Scientific school in the last issue of the CALL. There is no quarrel or feud whatever between himself and the editor for that branch of the University. The condition of things is very much otherwise. The article was meant only as a piece of pleasant badinage. The language used was not intended to be harsh. The terms used must be considered in their most equivocal sense.

Dr. Sterrett's class, in psychology, had a most delightful trip to the laboratory of Dr. Gates, at Chevy Chase, on Thursday last. His lecture was extremely interesting. The apparatus of the laboratory was described with equal enthusiasm. Both the trip out and that of the return, were highly enjoyable, since the day was a model one.

Dr. C. E. Lewis, late professor in the college at Beirut, Syria, read an interesting paper before the Biblical Research Club, at the home of Prof. Pollard, on Saturday evening, December 4. His subject was "Old Phoenicia." The land was described with the vividness of an eye witness.

SCIENTIFIC BRIEFS.

The Columbian Coreoran Society held one of its regular meetings in the Post-Graduate Hall, on Saturday evening, December 4, and, though the weather was unfavorable, the hall was filled with students and their friends.

A short business session, with the President, Mr. Underwood, in the chair, was held, after which he spoke briefly in regard to the objects and interests of the society. His remarks were timely and well worth considering by the students of the Scientific school.

A most attractive programme had been carefully arranged by the entertainment committee, Miss Doyle, Miss West, and Mr. Farmer. The musical numbers were two selections by the quartette, Misses O'Neil and Mathewson, and Messrs. Underwood and Skinner, accompanied by Miss Doyle; a solo by Miss Holden, accompanied by Miss Laskey; a solo by Mr. Marsh, accompanied by Mr. Doyle, and a duet by Miss Holden and Mr. Underwood, accompanied by Miss Laskey. A gramophone under the direction of Mr. Sanders rendered several selections, and Mr. John C. Lewis gave three recitations. All of the numbers were hearti-

ly received; the music was pleasing, the gramophone amusing, and the recitations excellent.

After the programme a short reception was held to allow those present to meet the officers and entertainment committee, after which there followed a prize contest in blowing soap bubbles. Mr. Fontron proved to be the most expert in this accomplishment, winning the prize, a pipe, artistically decorated by our practical engineer, Mr. Marean. Mr. Fontron received his honors gratefully with a happily turned reference to his native State.

The members of the company were then requested to unravel the threads of a bewildering cobweb. For this, time and patience were required. Surely a spider never spun such a tangled web before.

The decided success of the evening was most gratifying to the society, and much credit for faithful work is due to the committee in charge. The Columbian Coreoran Society has a promising future before it, and seeks the co-operation of all the students in the Scientific School.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Dr. George P. Merrill, Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, who has spent the last five months in Europe, has returned to the city, and will soon resume his lectures in the school. Dr. Merrill entered the class room the other evening, and was given a perfect ovation by his old students, and at the close of the hour, he greeted each one with a hearty handshake. The students appreciate the fact that Prof. Merrill teaches in the Scientific school because he loves to impart to others that knowledge which he has gained through years of study and investigation, and the earnestness and clearness with which he always presents his subjects never fails to hold the attention of all.

John Elmer Armstrong, who has been a student in the Scientific school for several years, was, on the 8th instant, united in marriage to Miss Blanche Cecelia Green, at her home in this city. They at once began house-keeping at 207 R street N. W. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong our best congratulations, and hope soon to see John at his old place in his classes.

Two publications from the press of the Government Printing Office, have recently been published by the Agricultural Department, which are of interest, particularly to students of the Scientific school.

"An Electrical Method of Determining the Soluble Salt and Content of Soils," by Milton Whitney and Thos. H. Means. Mr. Means is one of the popular students in our school, and

we cannot but feel proud of his successful experiments, and of the honor which has thus been conferred upon him in presenting them to the public.

The other book is entitled, "Rainfall of the United States, with Annual, Seasonal and other Charts," by Alfred J. Henry, who is at present a student in the Mathematical Department. Dr. Hodgkins pronounces it the best study of "rainfalls of the United States" ever published.

Mr. Ernest L. Thurston, C. E., who has been the efficient instructor in Mechanical Drawing for a number of years, has just published a work which must find an enthusiastic reception, "Mental Commercial Arithmetic." Mr. Thurston, in addition to his work in the Corcoran Scientific School, teaches in the Business High School, and has compiled this work from his observation and experience of the needs of the class room.

LAW NOTES.

The Law School has gotten pretty well settled down to this year's work. Real property, unquestionably the most difficult portion of Blackstone, has been finished, and the school is well into the law of personal property.

Professor Johnson, our worthy quizz-master, is becoming more and more exacting, and generally manages to show the students, particularly the Juniors (that is those who get up to answer) how much they don't know about the intricacies of the Rule in Shelly's Case, socage tenure, shifting and springing uses, &c.

Mr. Justice Brewer has just completed his course of fourteen lectures on the subject of Corporations, and from the fact that the boys were always on hand when these lectures were given, it is manifest that they were highly edifying and instructive. The only cause for complaint is that there are no more of them.

The last few meetings of the Debating Society have been very well attended, and scenes both exciting and amusing have occurred. Mr. Riddleberger by his quick perception and great presence of mind coupled with his abilities as a presiding officer, has proven himself a credit to the society. Every one is invited to the public debate to take place Saturday, December 18. Subject for debate is, "Resolved, That Congress should enact a general anti-trust law." The speakers selected are—affirmative, Messrs. Fontron, Tarbox, and Reeder; negative, Messrs. Gray, Phelps, and Patterson.

Our school is possessed of histrionic as well as of most all classes of prodigies. Clarence

V. Howard, a member of the junior class, is well known to the local theatrical people as a young actor of great promise. His interpretation of "Felix Featherstone" the leading part in Sidney Grundy's comedy "The Snowball" recently presented at the Columbia Theatre by the Bohemian Dramatic Club of this city, was agreed unanimously by those of the law students present to be a most clever one.

In the last issue of the CALL, in an extremely voluminous article headed "Medical Department" a most envious and would-be sarcastic slur is cast upon the Law Department by an insinuation that the reason the Law Department devotes more time to elections and politics generally, than the Medical Department, is because the Law students have more leisure time. This libel is most uncalled for.

Then follows a detailed account of the perplexing qualities of a certain Constitution, exposing both the loose methods of the Medical school and their dense ignorance of the purposes of such an instrument. The utmost compassion and leniency is felt toward these "cadaver-shavers." Everyone knows that the subjects they handle are unclean, and it is not to be expected of them to know much about the use of such a dainty document as a constitution.

A meeting of the senior class is called for tomorrow, Thursday, at 9 o'clock. The most important subject to be considered is the question of a class-pin. Several pretty designs have been submitted, and the boys are quite enthusiastic over the matter.

The juniors are making preparations for a class dance to be given soon after New Year. They think they are capable of giving as good a dance as the last year junior class did. The outcome is earnestly awaited by the Seniors and Post-graduates.

MEDICAL NOTES.

First of all, we desire to apologize to that very ancient and successful practitioner of medicine, Aesculapius, for the extensive liberties taken with the spelling of his name in the last issue of the CALL. We wish to give every assurance of our entire innocence in the matter, as we do not wish to bring down upon our already troubled heads the maledictions of an offended patron deity. It is really wonderful, though, what devastation and confusion an unfeeling compositor can leave in his wake, by merely omitting most of the commas and a few sets of parentheses from the copy submitted to his tender mercies.

Verily, when the prodigal returns it is not recognizable, and for general ambiguity can discount a star soap puzzle.

This is mid-term examination time and the amount of preparatory boning going on is something prodigious. The second year men are soon to have their examinations in Chemical and Histological laboratory work. The fourth year class has had an examination in Paediatrics, with Laryngology and Otology, and Medical Jurisprudence to follow. The third year class has not been forgotten; Minor Surgery and Ophthalmology have already been themes of written discourse. Last, but far from least, the long anticipated examination in Bacteriology is to take place just before the holidays. It is the general belief that Professor Reed and Dr. Carroll are employing their spare time in seeing just how many varieties of bacteria they can induce to grow in a single tube, to be differentially diagnosed under the microscope. The fourth year men have never lost an opportunity of saying mysterious and portentous things about this examination, and altogether the boys are looking forward to a lively time.

The students would be deeply grateful if some local Sherlock Holmes would suspend his search for Dorsey Foulz long enough to apprehend the energetic individual who has been causing such an extensive disappearance of bicycle sundries from the wheels left in and about the building. So far, only lamps and saddles have been taken, but we fear that operations may be begun on a more extensive scale.

The political situation in the school is becoming exceedingly involved. The Senior Class has expressed its intention of withdrawing from the general class organization, giving as a reason that the combined commencement has rendered the present organization not only superfluous but also detrimental to the best interests of the graduating class. It is rumored that there are other equally potent reasons for this action, and the outcome is being awaited with interest.

The idea of a combined commencement, by the way, is not regarded with any greater favor as the time for the experiment draws nigh. The students feel, rightly or wrongly, that the Medical School has everything to lose and nothing to gain from the plan, and the sentiment against it seems to be absolutely unanimous.

"Young man" said the professor as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe he has," was the reply.—*College Days.*

A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

the winter, with famous spelling matches and a singing school attachment.

The older boy of the prairie was thought ready to attend upon these various means of mental grace, being almost ten years old, and one fall was sent to his uncle's accordingly. The day before Christmas father went to bring him home; and found that he had gone that morning with a steady old white horse to help a neighbor and his heavy load over a bad road, on the way somewhere, it doesn't make much difference where; the boy was to go no farther than Cahoe bridge.

It was now four o'clock, a cold wind was raising and snow flakes were beginning to fall. The child had not come so father set out to meet him. On and on, surely there he comes! No—on and on. It was dark and snowing hard when the bridge was reached, and still no boy.

Ten miles from home, across a prairie, looking for a child alone in a snow storm on Christmas eve!

Perhaps they had taken him beyond the bridge. Inquiry along the hill road developed that a little boy on a white horse had asked for and received a piece of bread and molasses about five o'clock, and that he had gone back across the bridge.

Now, what had happened? For he certainly had not gone along the way he came or his father would have met him. Old white Sam must have turned to the prairie he knew so well. The best and only thing to do was to go home, and perhaps—just perhaps the boy would be there safe; or it might be, yes it would be a miracle, still it might be that if the boy stopped on the prairie, father would be in time to rouse him. So the horse was given the bridle, and then the struggle, in the face of the storm, on the trackless prairie began while the man's heart was one mighty unspoken question as he listened supremely for a childish cry. On and on, till the county ditch was reached. Poor, miserable, derided failure! What is this welcome message it offers? The ice was freshly broken—something had lately crossed—yes, a horse, and there are the dragging, tired foot prints of a child going on beside. The father has a great hope in place of the mighty question. He rides on, but he doesn't listen, he is all eyes until, when he comes in sight of home, unusual lights are flashing about—the "Panhandle" stands wide open and hot things are going from the kitchen to mother's room!

The boy was there, not altogether safe yet,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

FRATERNITY GLEANINGS.

Theta Delta Chi.

Since the opening of the College this fall, we have added to our charge three new members, Bros. Chase, Altsehu and Gillis, so that we now number twelve. Bro. Chase, who had been pledged to us for nearly a year, was initiated early in October, and is the President of the class of 1900. Bro. Altsehu, '99, and Bro. Gillis, 1900, went through the ordeal bravely at a recent meeting; the services were followed by an informal spread at the rooms of the charge.

Our quarters at 1509 H street are those which we have occupied since our establishment.

Kappa Alpha.

The Kappa Alpha fraternity has taken possession of its new home, which is located at 1012 Seventeenth street, N. W., where all fraternities will be welcomed at any time. The edifice is a four story structure, imposing in appearance, and corresponds in size to K. A.'s hospitable spirit. Several of the men have taken rooms and while away the pleasant moments of a bachelors life in study and in song.

There has been a new club formed in the fraternity, known as the "Welsh Rarebit" club, which meets on Wednesday evenings.

Everything points to a most promising year, as we are most ably represented in all the departments of the University, and our alumni has backed us up in all our undertakings.

At our last meeting in our old quarters Snow was initiated into the secrets of our order and still bears the mark of his encounter with the goat.

We begin to rejoice, now that the time for our first banquet is so near. The date set is Saturday, the 19th of December.

THE COLUMBIAN GLEE, MANDOLIN, GUITAR AND BANJO CLUB.

The Columbian University, judging from present indications, will soon have music galore, as the boys are so anxious to try their vocal and instrumental powers that even the stern "Judges" find it ringing in their ears, and it has been said that even the *femme soles* linger longer than their lessons actually require, but we all say let it ring and let them linger.

Be this as it may, the way the president, manager, and executive committee are getting down to business in all the branches of this club, it is going to make merry the idle hours of the long session after the holidays, and when the jingle of the reindeer ceases it is hoped that some of those high tenor voices will be heard again.

THE VIRGINIA CLUB SMOKER AND BANQUET.

The Virginia Club of the Law School held its first banquet at the Oxford Hotel on Friday evening, December 10, 1897.

The boys seemed to be in fine spirits, due, probably, to the fact that they were surrounded by Virginians. Virginians may have their little dissensions at home, but when they meet beyond the borders of their State it is as brothers. Political and other differences are laid aside and they stand ready to defend each other, and to maintain the standard of honor and hospitality for which the sons of the Old Dominion are so well known.

Speech making and story-telling seemed to be the order of the day. Mr. Alexander Spotswood acted as toastmaster.

Many of the speeches were resplendent with wit and humor. How the ears of the Virginia ladies must have burned; they were the heroines of speech, story and song.

All expressed their devotion to their mother State and declared their pride for the land of their birth.

Among the members present were Messrs. J. C. Dabney, Alexander Spotswood, W. S. Stamper, C. S. Towles, F. C. Handy, R. H. Riddleburger, K. L. C. Glover, W. E. Ellison, Boisseau, Jackson, Varney, Brown, Daniel, Taylor, Mason, Heth, McDonald, Jacobs, Clarkson and Cooper.

Mr. I. Q. H. Alward, of New Jersey, editor of THE CALL, was the guest of the club.

FRENCH LECTURE.

Prof. Jules Maillet will give the last lecture of his course on Friday, the 17th instant. The subject is "Benjamin Franklin," considered with especial reference to his European mission.

The course just drawing to a close has proved so popular that the lecturer has consented to offer a second series, to begin early in January. The topics and dates will be duly announced.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Christmas is stealing upon us, like a thief in the night, but the steal of the aforesaid thief dwindles into insignificance, when compared with the magnificent defalcation of old "Santy." As the gray-haired purloiner of hard earned capital filches from us our last dime, we smile gleefully, unmindful of the hiatus in our heads; but on his departure the more apparent hiatus in our pocket books touches a secret chord in our souls and we become long-of-face, like unto the lugubrious visaged simian of the organ-grinder, thereby betraying our ancestry. This is but one of the many joys which the yearly visitant brings. Ere the yule log, with its light and shade, begins to wreath its weird fantastic figures on the wall, the God of Dreams is abroad, carrying us back to days agone when love and life were synonymous words—carrying us back to those halsyon times, when the long ghostly arms of the naked trees, keeping dismal time to the tune of the bleak December wind, by contrast, with a sweetly-smiling face upturned to ours, and the slight pressure of a warm little hand, made existence a Sonata and creation a sunset. In the lap of such a beatific vision a married man lay. He heard or dreamed he heard the merry jingle of sleigh bells. His pulses thrilled as the light sleigh, swung to a pair of curveting horses, sped swiftly over the slippery ground. At his side, and with every undulating movement of the sleigh, falling lightly against him, sat a winsome creature. White clouds skurrying over a sapphire sky—an aroma rich atmosphere, vibrating in sweet attune to the twittering of the sparrows and a rippling breeze, which blew, into his face, silken threads of his companions golden hair, made his happiness complete. Keep, he said, "your languid laden breezes of spring. Your pebbly brooks from which tiny fishes leap to fall back in little clouds of spray! But give me"—the fires of poesy burned in his eyes—he clenched his hand and pressed his feet fiercely on the hot brick, in the bottom of the sleigh. In some unexplainable manner he mashed his toe. With a groan of anguish he lashed his horses across the last divide and out of the land of Nod. He awoke to hear the angry cries of his wife, mingled with the savage war whoops of his infant, who was performing the double feat of lacerating, with his teeth, his father's toe and chanting his own wild battle cry. He leaped from the bed, and while nursing his bruised and bleeding member, he heard his wife, in soothing accents say, "Was he mashing my little one to death!" "Things are not what they seem."

A VICTIM.

DE FATE OF DE JULE LE BLANC.

T'was one dark night on Lac St. Clair,
De wind she blow, blow, blow,
And de crew of de wood-scow, Jule Le Blanc
Got scare and run below.

For de wind she blow like hurricane,
Bi'm by she's blow some more
And dat scow bus np on Lac St. Clair,
Two haere from de shore.

De captain walk on de front deck,
She's walk on de hine deck too;
She's call de crew from hup de hold,
She's call de cook holso.

De cook he's name is Rosa,
He's come from Montreal;
Was chambermaid on a lumber barge,
On de big lac line cannall.

De wind he's blow from de nor, eas, wes,
De sou wind he's blow too,
And Rosa say, "Oh, captain
Whatever shall we do."

De captain trow de hank;
But still dat scow he's drift,
And de crew can't pass on de shore
Because day lose dere skiff.

De night was dark like one black cat,
De wave run high and fass,
And de captain take poor Rosa
And lash him to de mass.

Den de captain put on de life preserve
And jump hinto de lac,
And say, "good bye my Rosa dear,
I go down for your sac."

Next morning, very hearly,
Bout half past two, tree, four,
Dat captain, cook han wood scow
Lay corpses on de shore.

Now, hall good wood-scow sailor mans
Take warning by dat storm,
Go marry some nice French girl
And live hon one good farm,

Den de wind may blow like hurricane,
And spose she blow some more,
You shant git drown on lac St. Clair
So long you stop hon shore.

THE NIAGARA RAPIDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

the boards are drawn into this vortex, the gurgling waters telling of the hideous pleasure of this monster whirlpool.

The ride is delightful and charming; your highest expectations are exceeded. You first admire, then love this dashing water. You are hypnotized by its beauty and magnetism, and would fain be clasped in its bosom. But—the ride is ended, the mesmerist's pass is made before your eyes and you are yourself again.

GARDINER GREENE HUBBARD.

In the death of Dr. Hubbard, Washington has sustained a great loss. It would be hard to name a single line of interest in Washington in which Mr. Hubbard did not have part. His large wealth, sound learning, and cultivated taste gave him a unique place in the city. Probably no enterprise of note has been undertaken in recent years without consultation with him. Benevolence has found in him an ever open channel. Struggling genius has found him a patron. Art, learning, and religion have found in him a stanch and steady supporter.

Columbian has special reason to remember him with gratitude. For fourteen years he has served on her Board of Trustees, and during all that time he has been ever forward in movements looking to the enlargement of the scope of its work and to the increase of its efficiency. The Board has had no member whose judgment was more prized. While conservative to a degree, he was yet so open to the possibilities of advance in any and all directions, that his conservatism was not a hindrance but a help to progress. It was entirely characteristic of him that when, a few days before his death, his advice was sought concerning projects of much moment to the University, he at once approved of the forward movement, insisting only that provision should be made before undertaking the work for carrying it through without embarrassment.

Many, even in Columbian, did not know Mr. Hubbard. They knew him as the official, as the man of note in the community, as the representative of large public interests, but they did not always know the man. To those who were privileged to know him there was added to his great public services a geniality, and warmth, and sympathy that made personal association with him an inspiration and delight. The facts of his long and useful life have been told over and over again, as was fitting, in the public press. It is not necessary, therefore, to repeat them here. But it is fitting that we should bear Mr. Hubbard in loving remembrance because of what he was and what he did for the University. Untiring, instant in season and out of season, watchful, consistent, he sought the advancement of the work which as alumni and teachers and students, we want most of all to see furthered. The old University had in him, while living, a friend most true. Now, that he has passed on, alumni and teachers and students may well pay the tribute, which they do pay to his memory, of grateful recognition and sincere affection.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

It is with the greatest sorrow that the CALL announces the death of a former student Mr. James Louis Cousar. Mr. Cousar came to Washington from Arkansas in 1893 to accept a position in the Government Printing Office, and during his four years residence here he took a course in the Corcoran Scientific School and the Columbian Law School. He proved himself an earnest student and was popular among his fellow students, having served as President of the Law School Debating Society during the second term of last year. Soon after his graduation in the Class of '97, his health failed, and in September he went to Colorado Springs, Colorado. He remained there until the latter part of November when he went to Bartlett, Tennessee, where his parents reside. He continued to grow worse until death came on December 12. Mr. Cousar was only 24 years of age and was self made in every way. His friends had great hopes of his success in life, and had not death intervened, doubtless their expectations would have been realized.

A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

but coming around. The horse knew where he was all the time, the boy did not, and if he had been obeyed would have been carried in a circle until both gave up. "O, mamma," said he, "I'd have frozen sure if it hadn't been for the county ditch. I was tired thinking. I had to get down to break the ice because Sam wouldn't go on it, an' then I couldn't get up again and I had to walk. But I knew the way home and I'll never say anything against the ditch again. It was a good friend to me in the night."

Laura V. McCULLOUGH.

With the Freshman Class at Harvard an Apache Indian has entered; at Cornell a blind man is member of 1901.

This year has witnessed an epidemic of dismissal or "investigation" of college professors on the charge of heretical, political, or economical teachings, beginning at Kansas Agricultural College and extending to Texas, Brown, Missouri, and Stanford.

The University of Chicago has been voted several millions for the construction of new buildings, to be built of gray stone. The plans are being prepared, and work will soon begin.

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